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Will You Decide To-Day?

('Christian Safeguard.')

When Antiochus Epiphanes, the godless king of Syria, made war upon the Egyptian king Ptolemy Philometor, and penetrated as far as Memphis and besieged Alexandria, B. C. 169, the Roman ambassador Popillius Laenas brought him orders from Rome to raise the siege at once. Antiochus hesitated, temporized, and wished time to consult his friends in the matter; but Popillius took his staff and drew a circle around Antiochus in the sand, and bade him decide the matter before he went out of that circle. The Syrian king did not dare to disobey the voice of Rome. He raised the siege and went his way to other fields.

There are times when men need to be brought to an instant decision concerning the things which concern our peace. In fact, we are deciding every day whether we know it or not. God calls man to repent, and he calls him to repent 'to-day.' If man defers, he refuses. If he says to-morrow, or next month, or next year, he is making promises which he is not certain of fulfilling; he is undertaking to do what is entirely out of his power; he is not merely offering to do what the Lord has never asked him to do, but he is simply refusing to do what God requires of him. The Lord asks no man to repent to-morrow, or next week, or next year. His only call to man to repent is to-day. 'To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.' For a man to say he will repent to-morrow is to say that he will not repent to-day. The Lord has never asked him to repent to-morrow, but he 'now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.' Just here and just now is the time and the only time that the Lord commands, invites and requires us to repent and obey him. If we refuse to repent to-day we distinctly and definitely disobey God. If we offer to repent to-morrow we simply insult him who commands us to repent to-day.

Around the very spot where we stand, around the present moment, the Lord strikes the circle that bounds our opportunity and summons us to instant, unconditional, unqualified surrender. Just here—this very moment—God 'now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.' And the decision must be made this very hour. If we decide to obey the call it is well. If we decide to disobey it we do it at our peril. But one of the two things we must do. Hesitation is disobedience. Postponement is disobedience. Neglect is disobedience. Making excuses is disobedience. There is just one of two things to do—obey the command, or else refuse God's call and take the consequences. We have nothing to do with future opportunities. We have nothing to do with making promises for time to come. Just here we must meet the divine demands, or else we must take the risks and consequences of neglect.

What is your decision concerning this matter? Time is passing; the moments are flying. The circle of opportunity is drawn around your feet, and you must make your decision, willingly or unwillingly. You must decide what to do. Yielding is deciding; refusing is deciding; but neglecting is also making a decision, and one which will stand on record in the presence of God. Now, in this present, precious, fleeting hour, you must make the decision which may perhaps settle your destiny for all eternity.

If you are to be saved at all you must be saved by the Lord. If you are to be saved by the Lord you must be saved in the Lord's way and in the Lord's time. You are not to expect the King of Glory to wait your convenience. You are not the central being of the universe. When Queen Victoria 'commands' the attendance of any artist, singer, or personage, her majesty's commands cancel every previous engagement. Earthly monarchs demand obedience. You would not think of asking a king or an emperor to await your time, and conform to your convenience. You would expect to be ready when he calls you, and make everything wait upon his convenience. And now while God invites you, while heaven bends in mercy above you, while all blessings are offered in your behalf and for your acceptance, why will you halt, and linger, and hesitate, till the opportunity is gone, till the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you are not saved? To-day if you will hear his voice—if you ever intend to listen to his call—to-day harden not your hearts. Let the voice of God sound through your souls, and let your answer come prompt, and glad, and free, 'I delight to do thy will, O my God.'

'To-day the Saviour calls: ye wand'rers, come;
O ye benighted souls, why longer roam?

'To-day the Saviour calls: oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls, to Jesus bow.

'To-day the Saviour calls: for refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls, and death is nigh.

'The Spirit calls to-day: yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away, 'tis mercy's hour.'

Our Work at Home.

FROM THE SUNNY SIDE.

(By Mrs. Alice G. S. Derby.)

'Five rows of grapes from the sunny side of my vineyard.' Very persistently did the words keep sounding in my ears late one snowy winter afternoon as I sat in our cozy library before a cheery wood fire. I puzzled for some time over the connection in which I had first found them; then I remembered it was in a mission paper where I had read a little story of a native Christian in Asia Minor who, when asked how much he would give toward the building of a new church, had answered, 'Five rows of grapes from the sunny side of my vineyard.'

Just why I thought of the words that afternoon I cannot say, but still they kept repeating themselves in my brain, and singing in time and tune with the sizzling of the sap from the logs on the hearth, over and over again, until by degrees the library, with its familiar nooks and the gleam of golden bindings on its shelves, became a dim and dreamy place—the warmth of the fire changed to the warmer glow from a southern sun

—and I found myself walking in a great vineyard flooded with sunshine and filled with vines laden down with luscious fruit. Afar off in this vineyard I saw men and women walking, some enjoying simply strolling in and out between the laden rows, with the warmth of the sunshine about them; others picking and eating the purple clusters all regardless of some tiny hungry-eyed children holding out to them empty hands. Still others were busily packing their clusters in huge baskets ready for the market, so busy with thoughts of the profit that they did not heed the sunshine nor the summer air.

But these were not near me, for all around me were the vines of my own goodly vineyard. As I turned to pick a cluster of grapes, lo, a miracle! for instead of the clusters of purple fruit were huge bunches of golden coins. Oh, how they gleamed and glittered in the sunlight! Half idly I counted the number of golden discs in a bunch near at hand, and found fifteen. Just the number of yards of material that I wanted for my new spring suit, and each coin was the price of a yard. Surely this was most fortunate, and, going on from cluster to cluster, I found in one the price of a new hat; near at hand, a set of longed-for books; tickets for the lectures and concerts of the season; subscriptions for magazines; many needed conveniences or long-desired luxuries about my home; gifts for dear friends (for I was not wholly selfish); and, in an especially luxuriant corner, so many golden clusters hung together that I felt sure that at last my coveted European journey was not far distant. So I walked throughout all my vineyard until I had numbered all the coins and each bunch was marked, as you have seen a gardener mark different varieties with a tiny label, setting it apart for some specific purpose.

As I passed along the last row, I was conscious of One walking at my side; and as I raised my eyes to his face I knew him indeed to be the Lord of the vineyard. Gladly I greeted him, for I knew that from him had come the vineyard and the rich harvest found therein.

'Hast thou aught of the fruits of thy vineyard for me, my child?' he asked, and I answered quickly—

'Surely, O Master, all that I have is thine, and to thee belong the first fruits of my vineyard.'

Yet as he stretched out his hand to gather but one of my golden bunches, I cried, 'Nay, dear Lord; not that one!'

But as he turned to the second, I said, 'Spare me this one also, dear Lord.'

'Is this one then for me, daughter?' he said, with sadness on his face, touching a tiny bunch with but three golden grapes upon it; but, alas, one of those golden grapes was to take me on a pleasure trip, the second to a fine concert, and the third was a year's subscription to a current magazine. So I answered once again, half guiltily, 'Not this little one, dear Master, but over yonder, in that shady corner, I think may be found some which I will give gladly.'

Then the Master turned from me, with the sadness deepened on his face, and went toward the shady side, where the grapes hung in poor and scattered bunches, while I stood alone in the sunshine with my golden harvest glittering around me.

Suddenly the sunshine faded, and I found myself again in my library, with the winter twilight darkening fast.

It was but a dream, yet the words which had lulled me to dreamland sounded now with a clearer meaning. 'Five rows of grapes from the "sunny" side of my vineyard.' My vineyard was a large one, I know, and although the golden grapes of my dream were not very plentiful in reality, yet I knew full well that the lines had fallen to me in pleasant places. If here and there were shady corners, yet I was not often called to walk therein, and the greater part of my vineyard was sunny indeed.

The vividness of my dream set me to thinking. Was I indeed, gathering all the fruit of the vineyard into my own barns and storehouses, without giving to the Lord of the first fruits of all my increase? If my golden dream had been true, it would have been worth while to deny myself and give to the Master the fruits. 'Five rows' of such golden fruit would be a worthy gift, and one whereof the glory would atone for no small amount of self-denial.

If I could send the five hundred dollars needed for that little church in Armenia; could add the thousand dollars wanted to complete the publication of the new dialect bible of which I had heard that day; could give thousands here and hundreds there, and a quarter of a hundred with a few strokes of my pen—would I not give gladly? But of what account was it to give, by utmost endeavor, a dollar or two more to the Lord's treasury. If it were a question of giving up an illustrated, morocco-bound volume of poems in silken case, that I would gladly have done; but of what use was it to give up buying the ten-cent illustrated paper on the train? Worth while, perhaps, to put the price of a five-pound box of Huyler's into the thank-offering envelope, but what about giving up the quarter of a pound of chocolates I so often bought down town? 'Dear Lord,' I said, 'if thou hadst given me great riches, and hadst bidden me do some great thing for thee, how gladly would I have done it.'

'There,' I said to myself, 'is my neighbor. Surely he could give great things from his vineyard, but he does not.' And conscience straightway answered, 'What is that to thee? It is the grapes from the sunny side of your vineyard.'

Truly those grapes from that little vineyard in Asia Minor were beginning to weigh heavily on my heart. 'But,' I argued, 'must I give up all—all my pleasures, all candy, flowers, books, and music?' And my heart answered, 'Nay, for the Lord is not a hard master, nor one who claims all.' Then seeking to know what portion the Lord did claim I turned in the bible to the 'Laws of the Vineyard,' and read this verse: 'Thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and the stranger.' That was all the demand of the ancient law. So rich a harvest for one's self; only the few unneeded grapes to be left. Surely that left ample for one's own needs and pleasures. 'When thou gatherest the grapes of thy vineyard, thou shalt not glean it afterward: it shall be for the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow; then the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands.'

I closed the bible in the gathering twilight. If this were all demanded by the stern old dispensation, what were the demands of the new? Ah! there were no demands save those made by love; love, whose standard of measure was the love of Christ—no law for tithes and offerings save this universal rule, 'He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again.'

Guided by this law of love, how little question there would be of duty or of tithes; for to him who loved us, how gladly would we give of our abundance from the sunniest spots in all our vineyards; give not grudgingly nor of necessity, but gladly and freely, without weights, measures, or values, for 'love counteth not the cost.'—'Life and Light.'

The Gentle Princess.

The Princess of Wales is a great friend of dumb animals. 'All over Sandringham estate,' says a writer in 'Cassell's Family Magazine,' 'one feels the influence of the good and gracious lady. Take a stroll through the kennels, the dogs put their noses into your hand, and look for caress with mild appealing eyes. Remark to their keeper on their docility, you get the answer, 'Well, you see, sir, they are all such pets of the Princess.' Look in at the head-keeper's beautiful house, a lovely white dove flutters on to your shoulder and coos in your ear. The same sweet saying is heard 'It is the Princess's favorite dove.' Wander along the beautiful winding walks to the trimly-kept stable-yard, you shall find a knot of smart attendants grouped around a baby squirrel, a young bird, or a lost kitten which one of them has picked up in the woods, and which they must try to rear as the Princess would like it. 'She would not like anything to be hurt or to die, sir.' * * * At least, once in each week, when in residence at Sandringham, does the Princess go round the stable-stalls followed by an attendant bearing a basket of carrots, apples and similar dainties beloved of horses. Every stall does she enter, and to each horse she gives its portion with her own hands. Those who have had the pleasure of being present on these occasions always remark on the pretty picture the long row of horses' heads makes, as they turn with one accord at the sound of their mistress's voice.'

Zulu Christian's Joy in Sorrow.

An incident narrated by Mr. Dorward, of the Zulu Mission, illustrates the wonderful power of the Gospel to sustain and cheer. 'Imagine,' writes Mr. Dorward, 'a grass hut with no windows, and a door about two feet in height; the floor is of hardened earth, there is no chimney, and the roof is black with the soot of years, and there are rents in the wall. Entering, I saw, as soon as my eyes were accustomed to the darkness, a sick woman on a mat, and covered by a thin blanket. Of furniture there was none. There was not a sign of anything that would relieve her sufferings or cheer her loneliness. She had the appearance of a heathen woman, and all the discomforts, too. Though very sick, her eyes were shining, and her face bright and intelligent. It was a joy to find that she knew much about the Saviour, and that she knew him to love him. She was very destitute even for a native; and when the weather is cold she borrows blankets of others during the day, and shivers under her own single blanket during the night. Sleepless and disturbed by coughing, yet she was happy; and she wonders why she can be so happy, and yet be so ill. The joy of the Lord is her strength, and this is apparent to all beholders. It is a marvellous sight, and I thanked God and took courage.'—'Christian Herald.'

It is easy to consecrate what we don't want.

If God gives a rose, thank him for it; if a thorn, thank him for it just the same.

The sheep that has felt the tooth of the wolf ought to keep very close to the shepherd.—'Word and Work.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

Bobolink.

('Sunday at Home.')

'Bobolink! Bobolink, my precious!'

A little voice called out softly and plaintively, again and again. Its owner, Esty Vyner, the lonely little heiress of the Manor, was trotting up and down the staircases, and round and round the gallery that looked upon the large hall below, where the sunlight glinted here and there upon the polished armour.

Everything at the Manor was big and grand—everything but its little owner, who was small and white faced. Perhaps the largeness and grandeur had rather choked Esty's growth; or perhaps it might have been the loneliness. Anyway, the child had not thriven briskly at all, and the tenantry whispered that their little lady was but a peaky mite who sadly needed mothering.

Derry Derwent, the stranger boy who had lately come all the way over the seas from South Africa in order to grow up his grandmother's prop and stay at Southmoor, called Esty a poor little rag doll the first time he saw her. The lands of Southmoor and the Manor matched, and the two families attended the same parish church, where the little heiress was pointed out to Derry, who scoffed at her smallness. But then Derry himself was, like most of the English children born in the fine climate of South Africa, tall and straight, with sturdy limbs. 'She wants knocking about a bit, your Miss Esty,' the boy continued good-humoredly enough.

'I don't think you're right, Derry, boy!' said his grandmother, a sweet, old, silver-haired lady. 'Esty is a hot-house blossom, too frail to stand roughing it. When but an infant she lost both of her young parents in a melancholy yacht accident, which made of baby Esty the lady of the Manor. Her life has been a sad one since; she's alone in the world. Derry, don't you think you could show some kindness to the lonely little girly? Shall I take you to see her?'

'Oh, no, Granny! I couldn't really!' was the hasty reply. 'You see, I am having such a regular jolly time here, and the holidays will so soon be over!' Derry stood up, his hands deep in his pockets, and stared wistfully in Granny's face. The idea of having to give up the splendidly happy time he was having in the new English home, the rides on Shelty round the meadows, the long days whipping the stream where the cunning speckled trout lay in hiding, the tramps with Spicer the keeper through the preserves, where the pheasant-houses, queer little cabins, were dotted about. To lose the hundred delights belonging to a country house, for the sake of amusing a rag doll! No, Derry couldn't, really.

'Very well,' said Granny disappointedly, and Derry, who had a good heart, was vexed to see the kind old face gloom over. Still, the thing was impossible!

It was on the same afternoon, while Derry was grieving Granny with his selfishness, that Esty wandered up and down calling for 'Bobolink, her precious.'

Bobolink was a thorough gentleman. A pure Persian by birth, this handsome cat could trace his pedigree for generations. That is if cats are ever given to dig up ancestors; being accounted wise animals, possibly they do not possess such a curious weakness as pride of birth. However, Bobolink stalked through life displaying his

hall-marks, in the shape of a most enormous bushy tail, and a frill of fur round his neck. So nobody ever dreamed of nudging a neighbor and saying, 'I wonder who that is!' for all the world knows a real, true Persian cat when they see one. Bobolink also possessed a large, affectionate heart, in addition to his handsome presence and all his affections were given to his mistress, the lonely little lady of the Manor, who loved him back devotedly. He was her most precious possession. Her pony, which she had christened 'Tip-cat,' was too high-spirited for such frail little hands as Esty's to rein in, and he had given her more than one fright.

Her birds Esty could not squeeze to her; a serious drawback in loving. And her dolls, well, wax can never come up to flesh and blood, can it? So Bobolink was first favorite, and Esty's constant companion by day. By night he was banished. The Fraulein, a dreadfully clever, rather severe German lady, with blue spectacles, whom Esty's guardians had appointed to take full charge of the little heiress, would not hear of a cat, even a Persian cat, sleeping in the night nursery. Esty knew by experience that Fraulein was, meantime, the queen to be obeyed, so did not rebel.

'But,' she determined, 'my precious shall have a home of his very own. I shall have a cottage built for him!'

The little girl walked down to the village beyond her gates, with her favorite Jenny, the nursemaid, where she held a secret consultation with Ben Barker, an old soldier who had set up as the 'handy man' of the neighborhood. Ben, who thought all the world of the little lady of the Manor, touched his cap a great many times as he listened attentively. Indeed, Esty might have said that Ben punctuated her sentences in that fashion, only she knew little or nothing as yet of the sorrows of grammar.

'I understands 'sackly, sir!' Ben persisted in addressing the little mistress as 'sir,' out of old habit, possibly. 'What you wants is a comfortable home for your pet cat. And you wants it made of red bricks, with a roof o' slates and a front door——'

'With a porch, Ben!' put in Esty, mindfully.

'With a porch, sir! All right, sir, I'll step up and see to the business,' which Ben did to some purpose. A delightful miniature red-brick cottage, just large enough, and no more, to hold a single tenant, was built against the Manor house, exactly under Esty's schoolroom window, on the panes of which the roses knocked their big, yellow heads.

True, it was some little time before the new tenant could be persuaded to take possession of the smart abode, and Esty feared the cottage would end in being 'To Let.' However, at last Bobolink 'moved in,' and after he once comprehended that he was sole master of the little mansion it would have been a bold cat or dog that intruded upon him.

But, with all his advantages of high birth and his home comforts, Bobolink had some serious faults—who, be it cat or man, has not? He was, terrible to confess, a poacher. Many a night when his mistress believed him to be peacefully sleeping in his cottage, Bobolink was swiftly stepping his way to the spinney, bent on stealing a pheasant chick for his supper. Not only in the Manor preserves did the Persian commit woeful havoc, but he went further afield, and Spicer, the keeper at Southmoor, told Derry that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to wring the neck of such a poacher or to shoot him.

When we enter on evil courses, it is a fact that we are bound to move on apace—if we don't move back by mending our ways. Bobolink, growing bolder, began his raids in the broad daylight. On the afternoon when Esty wandered up and down, calling her 'precious,' the Persian had stepped over to Southmoor preserves, and there met a well-deserved punishment. When Derry Derwent found him, the hapless Bobolink was screaming in the grip of a trap, its cruel teeth fastened in his leg. Derry, who had a soft heart, hurried to the spot, and recognized the well-known pet of the little girl whom he had called a rag-doll.

'Spicer will be safe to shoot him this time, if he finds him!' muttered the boy as he carefully released the trapped poacher, who was so spent from loss of blood that he could not stand on his three legs while Derry bound up the injured fourth with his handkerchief torn into strips.

'Oh, my precious! What are you doing to my Bobolink, boy? Why, he is in rags, his fur is torn, and—and oh, is that blood?'

It was Esty and her nursemaid, Jenny. The two had wandered all the way across the park and meads, in search of Bobolink. With frightened sobs Esty heard the particulars of the terrible disaster, and Derry, as he assisted to carry home the patient on a

tiny stretcher hastily made of twigs, felt thankful that Spicer had been out of the way, or the little procession might have been a funeral.

It was a couple of days after, and Esty, accompanied by her faithful Jenny, set forth to give Bobolink, still an interesting patient, an airing in the meads. The Persian, carefully wrapped in a gay antimacassar, was lounging in a doll's perambulator which Esty wheeled slowly. His wounds were healing, and, by the aid of saucers of beef tea constantly supplied him, Bobolink was almost his handsome self again.

'Jenny, couldn't we go down by the river path?' suggested Esty. She had a secret hope that, perhaps, they might see Bobolink's preserver, the boy at Southmoor. And Esty's hope was realized.

'Oh, Jenny! Look, Jenny!'

Away down the sloping bank rolled the perambulator, and Bobolink had barely time to save himself by nimbly springing out. Esty and Jenny were racing to the water's edge, their faces pale with horror. There had been some heavy storms that week, and the little river between the Manor and Southmoor was swollen to a rushing torrent. Across it was bending a huge bough of a tree, creaking with a human weight hanging from its middle by the hands.

'Oh, Jenny, Jenny! It's the boy from Southmoor, the one who saved Bobolink!' shrieked Esty.

'My patience!' sobbed Jenny affrightedly, 'He's going to be drowned for sure!' Down on the grass Jenny flung herself, drumming her heels, and screeching loudly for aid.

It was a blustering August afternoon. In the far distant harvest fields the reapers were busy getting in the corn that the high winds had already dried. But there was nobody to hear Jenny's screams; nobody to lend a helping hand to the exhausted boy whose weight gradually was bowing the branch close down to the rushing waters. Little Esty, with white lips and starting eyes, looked down at Jenny. That, surely, was hardly the way to render aid to any one in peril! The blood of her race ran in the veins of the tiny, frail child. Her quickened wits jumped as she suddenly noted the old punt chained to the bank a little further down the river.

JUST IN TIME.

'Quick, Jenny, quick.'

Derry had screamed himself dumb. His lips wide apart, were baked and dry; but a flicker of hope leaped into his anguished eyes as he heard Esty's cry: 'Quick, Jenny, there's the punt!'

Jenny abruptly stopped shrieking and sat up. Yes, she understood! The strong-armed girl had the boat chain unfastened and the oars in her hands in a trice. Esty, whose frail little strength did not match her quick wits, stood on the bank with her mites of hands pressed on her chest to keep in her sobs, while Bobolink, his magnificent tail curled round his feet, sat near his mistress watching the proceedings as he placidly washed his face with the air of saying, 'Ah, if it hadn't been for me coming out for an airing, where would young master be now?'

The boat was only just in time. So close down to the stream were Derry's toes as he hung from the creaking branch that Jenny easily clasped the half-fainting boy in her arms and laid him in the heaving boat.

'Hilloa! Whatever's all this?' shouted a new voice. It belonged to one of the men-servants from the house who had been scouring the meadows for his little mistress. One of her guardians had arrived from London, and Esty was wanted at once.

Charles speedily landed the unconscious Derry, and laying him flat on the grass proceeded to bathe his face with capfuls of water.

'Don't be frightened, missy,' he said to the trembling Esty. ''Tis only a faint. He will come to presently.'

Sure enough Derry's eyes opened suddenly to gaze wonderingly up into the anxious faces bent over him.

'I'd like something to eat!' he weakly said, true to a boy's first instinct. Then he tried to sit up; but the strain had been too great, and Derry slipped off into another swoon.

It was late in the evening before master Derry had got over the shock of a disaster that might have caused his death, for, had the bough given way, the rushing stream would have raced him along for miles. If he had escaped being smashed against the boulders in the river, he would have sped on to a more dreadful fate at the mill.

'God has been very good to you, Derry, boy!' said his grandmother who sat by his bedside feeding him with sips of hot milk by the doctor's orders.

'I know, Granny; I know he has! It was awful. You see, I'd been up that tree often before, and it seemed as strong as a house. But the storms must have cracked that branch—and I was hanging over the water ever so long, until—Oh, Granny, I'm sorry I called her a rag doll, and wouldn't go up to the Manor to play with her!'

'Who—what do you mean, dear?'

'Why, that little girl, Esty. Granny, she was the one who saved my life! I saw it all as I was hanging from the bough!'

Then a strange thing happened. There was nobody in the room to see it, but sweet old Granny, so Derry cried! Of course it is not every day that a boy has to face death, and the bravest need not have been over-ashamed of those tears of Derry's.

'Dear little Esty!' murmured Granny, sobbing for company. 'Dear little motherless, fatherless lamb! To think that tiny head should hold so much wit. Derry, that frail, brave child who saved your life knows nothing of the meaning of a happy childhood such as yours has been, with loving parents and a little crowd of brothers and sisters. When I asked you to be kind to the lonely little girl, you refused, scorning her as weak and contemptible. Well, you see, God thinks differently. He sometimes puts into weakly bodies brave hearts, and into tiny heads bright wits. It was our dear Lord himself who said, "Judge not . . for with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." When you were hanging in peril of death, which of you was the weakest, you, or little Esty?'

'Oh, Granny, I see it all!' humbly said Derry. 'But I'll be so awfully good to her in the future.'

And Derry kept his word. There was nothing he would not do for Esty, grudging neither time nor trouble. Even when away in the little world of public school he did not quite forget her. In the holidays Derry was Esty's prime minister, mending her waxen family, organizing her army of pets, teaching her to quell the high-spirited 'Tip-cat,' and never, never allowing himself to jeer at the wee maid's frail stock of strength.

That Extra Penny and Louie's Reward.

(By Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, in 'Episcopal Recorder.')

With a hop, skip and a jump, Baby Louie pranced into my room at quite an early hour, and with many various little loving thumps and knocks, he finally, to his satisfaction, aroused me sufficiently to listen to what he desired to impart. With an air of some importance, he informed me that it was 'Wash-ing-ton's birthday.' Not, however, being so wide awake as yet as might be desired—the great importance of his communication was not, perhaps, fully appreciated, for I felt that it made no difference at that moment whose birthday it was. Possibly reading my thoughts in a measure, the little scamp, with a determination to make me understand what he desired, exclaimed in an excited and comical tone of voice, 'Oh, mamma, I want to have a flag, please.' Deciding that that was, after all, of the greatest importance in his mind I asked him how much one would cost. He answered most promptly, putting his head upon one side, 'Well, I could buy one for five cents, a very nice one indeed.' He added, his eyes sparkling with delight, 'But, oh, Mamma, I could get a b-e-a-u-t-y of a flag for six cents.' Mother-like, I arose immediately in search of my pocket-book; and while counting the pennies into his hand, just about dropping the last cent, a thought entered my mind. Pausing, I said, 'Louie, suppose that, instead of getting that beauty of a flag for six cents, you got the nice flag, dear, and gave the extra penny to dear Jesus for Africa. How would that do?' To look at that little upturned face for a moment, one would decide it did not do at all. The look got the best of my thought. Stooping down, kissing the little fellow, I dropped the last penny into his hand; I told him of course he could have 'the beauty of a flag,' and not to think of what I said. He went into the library, and to my surprise and amusement, walked around the table three or four times, seemingly lost in much contemplation, brow contracted and his little head bent over on his chest. As I watched him from my room, this thought wandered through my mind, that it looked very much like a funeral-march. And so it was; but I did not realize it until later. He finally stopped, calling out, 'I am going, mamma,' and disappeared from the room. Half an hour later, as I was seated at my desk, he opened the door and came over toward me, holding a small flag in one hand. I noticed the other hand was closed. Without referring to the flag, he asked if I would give him his small bank. I inquired what he desired to do with it; and he quietly answered, 'I want to drop my penny in the bank for Jesus, mamma, I did not buy that b-e-a-u-t-y of a flag.'

Taking him in my lap for a moment, I said, 'Darling, did you do that because mamma told you to do it?' With his eyes expressing all the love of his little heart, he threw his arms around my neck and said, 'Oh, no mamma, dear. I did it for dear Jesus' sake, because I love him.' The bank was taken out of the desk, placed before him on the table, and just as he was about dropping the penny in, I stopped him a second by saying, 'Well, darling, after all it is only a penny. What could a penny do, pet?' With a look of great surprise upon his little upturned face, he answered promptly, 'Why, mamma, couldn't it help tell the heathen a "tiny little bit about Jesus?"' I replied, 'Yes, my precious child, a tremendous bit about Jesus. We will just commit it to God and ask his blessing upon it.' Which we accordingly did; and in less than six weeks over $64 was added to that cent, and dedicated to the spread of the Gospel in Africa.

A week later, being invited to address a foreign missionary society, in hopes of raising money for their board, I felt prompted, as an illustration, to tell this little story to those present, trusting that the effect might be that those who had accustomed themselves to decide the amount of their gifts as the amount they could give without really feeling it, might be prompted, by God's blessing, through listening to this little account, to say, rather in their hearts, 'Lord, how much can I give to really feel it?' and gladly give as that little fellow did, the extra penny, as it were, whatever it might mean in their lives.

Weeks passed by, when, on Easter Sunday morning while seated in our pew at church, just before the service began, the sexton came up the aisle with a long, narrow box in his hand, to which an envelope was tied, addressed to my little boy. With some curiosity it was opened, and on a card, in an unknown hand, was written these words, and to this day we have never discovered who the donor was, making it all the more to each of us as direct from God: 'To the little boy who gave his extra penny to dear Jesus for Africa.' The envelope contained three new one-dollar bills, while the box was apparently filled with beautiful cut flowers.

There was a restless little fellow sitting at my side until time came to return home. Upon reaching the house, he began immediately to make various small bouquets for different members of the family. There was a blind gentleman and his wife visiting us for a few days, and pausing for a moment while mentioning to whom the flowers were to be given, he asked if they could not have a bouquet, too? To see what he would reply, I laughing said, 'Why, darling, they are blind, they cannot see the flowers.' Quick as a flash, he replied, 'But, mamma, they can smell them.' I said, 'Of course, darling, so they can. You can make a bouquet for each.' By the time all were completed, there were only two or three flowers left for the little man himself, but he was so happy in thinking of the pleasure of giving to others, that he never once thought that he might be left without any. Upon removing the last flower, his little finger caught in the thin paper underneath, and in raising his hand he pulled it out, discovering there was something still left in the box; a small paper parcel, which until that moment had been hidden by the flowers and paper. In a second the string was untied, and out from the bundle fell a beautiful silk flag. Trembling with pleasurable excitement, for a moment he stood very still; and then said, 'But, oh, mamma, I did not give that extra penny to Jesus for him to pay it back!' I answered, 'No, my darling, but that is just the reason he did. He knew you did it just for himself in love.' Then in a minute more added, 'Well, but, mamma, it is ever so much nicer than that beauty of a flag would have been I wanted.' 'Yes, my darling, that is just like dear Jesus, too; he never gives us what we think would just satisfy us, but gives us something far more in worth to prove how willing he is to please us when we fully trust him.'

If children of a larger growth would only learn this lesson, how many anxious moments might be prevented!

In an emphatic though somewhat ungrammatical manner, he added, 'But just see, He let the penny grow, mamma dear, till it growed, and growed, and growed into this great big flag!' Then, as he held the flag in his outstretched arms, his eyes resting on it in much admiration, he exclaimed, 'and oh, it's ever so much nicer than the one I gave up for Him!'

As truly as this little fellow can never have obliterated from his memory this marked recognition upon the part of God of the sacrifice made that morning, weeks ago, for Jesus' sake, neither can his mother, who relates this story as a thankoffering to God for such a loving token of approval and reward for what was done in His name, earnestly hoping that it may stimulate others into a quicker obedience to the promptings of His Spirit when the opportunity is offered, either to relieve the wants of others, or to help in spreading the Gospel abroad, especially, and thus obey the last commission of our blessed Lord as he ascended into glory—'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.'

Pam's Pocketbook.

(By A. F. B.)

'O, Pam, just look at that exquisite little blue pine flower!'

'Don't need it!' said Pam, turning her head the other way, and looking as if she were remembering the text about turning away mine eyes from beholding vanity. Pamela could be stubborn.

'You horrid thing, you aren't even looking! And it would trim that little new brown topknot of yours in the sweetest manner. The blue just goes with the blue in your'—

'Don't want it!' said Pam again, shutting her eyes so tight that you couldn't see anything but eyelashes. 'You may stand me in front of this milliner's window all day, Kitty McClennan, and it won't make a bit of difference. Forget-me-nots at twelve cents the dozen are just as blue as pine flowers (that never thought of growing that color anyway); and I want the difference to help fill my new pocketbook.'

'Well, I declare! have you got another new pocketbook? You are the greatest girl for that! 'Tisn't a month since you were hard at work on that little bead affair. Where is it, by the way?'

Pam shook her head mysteriously, but gave no explanation. A word had slipped out accidentally, but that was no reason for going into particulars.

'You're the most aggravating girl when you get that sphinxy smile on!' said Kitty in an aggrieved tone. 'You just wait! See if I don't get it out of you!'

The girls were very fond of Pam. It was the greatest fun going to her house, and when three or four of them managed to get together overnight, and share the same room or set of rooms, (for out at Pam's house there were two or three great big barny ones opening charmingly right out of or into each other), why, it was simply delicious. Noah Webster, in his own unaided strength, never could get suitable adjectives to describe it. She always had so many little new schemes to unfold, and nice little new plans and ideas that nobody ever thought of before, nor she, either, that there was always a pleasant sense of something going to happen the minute you got into her neighborhood.

And yet this 'sensational atmosphere,' as Kitty McClennan called it, was so far from being openly advertised that Pam rarely told her plans unless she was asked and even foxily interrogated. Perhaps that added to the fun of finding out things.

'Now what is she up to!' mused Katy Glidden, considerингly, opening bureau drawers and trunk-tops as if they belonged to her.

Pam laughed while she sewed on a button. She was used to pretended hunts of this sort, and she had forgotten all about Kitty's pro-

mise to get even with her. This was the first time the girls had been 'out' since that day, and Kitty did not mean to go home unenlightened.

'Come, girls, we sha'n't have those "comps." done if we don't get at it!' cried Lil Hathaway, briskly. 'Compositions,' or 'Themes,' as the college brothers called them, were the most frequent and ostensible reason for getting together, and each girl made a point of carrying home a tolerably fair specimen, as a sort of affidavit of honest intention.

'What are you going to write about?'

'Spring, I think,' said Lilian pensively.

'We might take the four seasons—just enough of us!' said Katy. 'What's yours, Pam?'

'Dick suggested my confining myself to the "Past, Present, and Future!"' said Pam demurely. At last, with plenty of nonsense, they got to work, and were eagerly at it when Kitty, stopping to bite her pen-top, found her wandering eyes lighting unbidden on Pam's little bead purse or the steel fringe of it, as it hung piquantly enough from the corner of a photograph easel. The next instant it dangled from her fingers in triumph.

'Didn't I say I'd find it? Now, Pam!'

'Full of five-cent pieces!' said Lil curiously. 'I thought you said you guessed it had gone somewhere, or been given somewhere, Kit! Pam's hoarding!'

'The cat's let out! You might as well explain!' teased Kitty, and Pam concluded to accept the situation.

'Well, girls, I don't know as there's any use trying to catch that cat again! Though I don't see how you found out!'

'The matron of the Children's Hospital is a friend of mine!' said Kitty, sparkling mischievously.

'Well!' said Pam, blushing. 'It isn't so very much, I'm sure, to save your car fares pleasant days when you can just as well walk as not! And if you want to save 'em up for those dear little hospital babies—you just try it, girls, and see if it isn't the best fun alive to go some bright sunny morning and knock at the door and ask the matron if she doesn't want to let some of the nurses and the older girls take a baby apiece and get on the car and go clear out to the end of five cents' worth and back again! I can tell you I wouldn't miss it all through the pleasant summer months for anything! They do look so happy, and some of them are so cunning, and the little sick, dull ones, with white, waxy faces, that lie back still and only their eyes moving are the ones I like to look at best out of the whole lot! All I can think of is the way the Lord said, "Inasmuch," and it makes me feel almost as if I was doing it to him. You know what I mean, girls!'

Yes, they did know what she meant, Pam wasn't in the way of making such long speeches. Her little loving-kindnesses were always found out by accident. It hardly ever happened that she made such a clean breast of them as this. All the more they felt touched by the sweet confession of the deed and the motive.

'But what about the pocketbooks, Pam, dear?' asked Kitty, after a while, with gentle persistence.

'Oh, those!' said Pam, laughing. 'It's just a whim, and you'll laugh. I give pocketbook and all. The matron says the girls take turns—the nurse-girls, that is, the older girls, you know, who go with the little ones—to see who shall have it after it is empty. That's what I'm always working on purses at recess for, if you must know. Every time one gets full, I start a new one.'

'And you do it all with car fares!'

'Oh, dear, no! Though even that would "mount up," as Uncle Isaac is always saying. But there are ever so many other five-cent things that can be spared as well as not, don't you know, girls?'

'Sodas!' said Lil, who was fond of 'standing treat' in dusty weather.

'Chocolates!' said Kit, who bought them by the pound.

'Blank-books!' groaned Katy, whose mouth watered, so to speak, at the sight of an unspoiled bit of white paper.

And Pam nodded smilingly.—Wellspring.

True Dignity.

(Sydney Dayre, in 'The Standard.')

'She is such a careless little thing.'

'And such a hopeless rattle-brain.'

'And yet I can't help loving her; she is so frank and outspoken,' said Hester Burr. 'I think there is something very taking in her way of letting out exactly what she feels, no matter what the consequences may be, or what the people may think of her.'

'I can't say I feel that way,' said Margaret Maynard, with a little shrug of her shoulders. 'I don't fancy people who tramp around without ever stopping to care whose toes they step upon.'

'But she has never presumed to tread upon yours, Maggie. Even Dorothy knows better than to assault such dignity as yours.'

The remark might have borne a tinge of criticism coming from some quarters, but Margaret and Hester were too close friends for any offence to be intended or taken.

'But dignity or no dignity, is there no way of reaching her?'

'Not through any of our ways, I am afraid,' was the sober response.

'She hasn't been in the bible class for several weeks.'

'No, she told me that as long as they kept to the regular business of studying the bible, she didn't mind going, as all the other girls went, and it was lively and pleasant. But since "things have got so serious and long-faced," as she expresses it, she keeps away.'

There was a pause in the talk. Half-a-dozen girls of the school had lately through the efforts of a bible class teacher, been led further than the business outline of bible study. And having first learned their need of a Saviour, and then been blessed with the peace which belongs with full acceptance of his grace and consecration to his service, the natural consequence followed, of anxiety for those who stood outside, still refusing the gracious call.

'There she is,' as a laugh and a merry shout proclaimed Dorothy's approach.

'Stop,' said Hester, seizing her hand as she would have passed. 'Wasn't there some kind of a promise made to me that you would come back into class yesterday?'

'Well, only half a promise,' said Dorothy, laughing. 'When I make a real out and out promise I always keep it, for all,' she added with a saucy nod of her head, 'I'm not one of your goody-goody kind.'

'But I felt hurt at your not coming,' said Hester, affectionately.

'Did you, dear? Well, now, I hate to hurt you. I'm not worth your feeling hurt about.'

'I guess you're right there,' said one of a number of girls who were gathering near our friends. 'You'll say so when you know where she was yesterday, Hester. How did you enjoy the steamboat excursion, Dorry?'

'See,' said another, pointing to Dorothy's face, 'she didn't want us to know. She thought none of us would hear of it. Our nurse-girl went, worse for me, for I had to tug with the children all day.'

The deep flush which arose to Dorothy's face gave evidence that she would have preferred that her companions should not know of her manner of spending Sabbath. At the certainly annoying allusion to the nurse-girl, a flash of anger came to keep company with the embarrassment.

'It is nobody's business how I spend Sabbath,' she declared, hotly. 'You needn't look at me as if you thought I was a heathen. I don't think it the worst thing in the world to go on a "Sunday" excursion. I shall go again if I want to.'

Stung by the look of contempt which she perceived on Margaret's face, she addressed herself particularly to her.

'Nobody said it was, I think,' said Margaret quietly.

'But you looked it,' said Dorothy. 'None of you are under any obligation to look after my morals.'

'I don't think it merely a question of morals,' said Margaret, in a voice which showed a slight stir of excitement.

It was so unusual a thing to see Margaret aroused to retort that the girls crowded closer in a little hush of expectation. She was evidently a little nettled by Dorothy's defiance.

'We are so used to hearing of such things and so used to knowing that there is a large class of people who have no respect for the sacredness of the day,' she went on with the calm manner which always gave her words weight, 'that it does not surprise us. But I think that even people who are not all religious think it an offence against propriety and good taste to do such things on Sabbath.'

A color had come to her own face with the feeling she had been led into saying more than she had intended, and that she was saying it very awkwardly.

'That's just like your narrow-minded set,' said Dorothy, in a paroxysm of anger. 'Everything is a sin but what they do their own sweet selves. Dear me! Do you suppose such high toned goodness is catching? I must be careful.'

Gathering up her skirts in ludicrous mock fear, she flounced away.

Hester and Margaret walked down a garden path in silence.

'You said exactly the right thing,' said Hester. 'She needed a pretty keen thrust.'

'I don't think so,' said Margaret, after another short period of silence. 'I said too much.'

'Not a word too much,' said Hester in a decided tone. 'Any one might talk to Dorothy all day about the duty of keeping the Sabbath Day holy, and she would politely snap her fingers at you. But when you come to an offense against good taste and the proprieties, you set a pin in her tender spot. Whew—didn't she get into a little fury?'

'I made a mistake,' said Margaret, declining to join in Hester's light view of the matter, 'I was angry, and when we allow ourselves to get angry we are sure to do harm instead of good.'

'I'm sure you kept your dignity all the time,' said Hester, 'Any one else would have broken out at her when she was so snippy and saucy.'

'My dignity!' Margaret spoke in deep self-condemnation.

'Your self-control, then, dear, if you like that better. Your avoidance of saying angry things when you feel angry. The most of us,' she added, with a sigh, 'will need a good deal more grace before we can get to that.'

'But you see, Hester, I did say the very thing which provoked her most,' said Margaret. 'And just when we were wondering how we could reach her and bring her to where we stand. Why, don't you see

that I may have done the very thing to set her against everything we hold so precious ?'

'Don't take it so hard,' said Hester, moved by her friend's distress. 'Dorothy never stays angry long.'

'I must go and apologize to her,' said Margaret.

'You don't mean it.' Hester gazed at her in surprise. 'You wouldn't let yourself down to apologize to such a girl as Dorry.'

'I let myself down to the giving of offence; I shall surely get no lower in trying to make amends for it.'

'I wouldn't do it,' persisted Hester.

'Are you here ? May I come in ?' Margaret tapped on Dorothy's door, and then slightly opened it.

'Certainly,' said Dorothy. She arose and politely set a chair for her visitor, but remained standing, still with a reserve of anger on her face.

'I have come to say,' said Margaret, 'that I am sorry for having said what I did. I don't wonder you were angry—any one would have been. I hope you will forgive me, and that you will believe—that—I know I spoke as a Christian never should speak.'

She would have said more, but the words had come with great difficulty. It had been a much harder fight between her pride and her conscientious determination to honor the faith she so dearly prized than even Hester had dreamed in making her protest against it.

Dorothy gazed at her for a moment in amazed silence, then, with her usual impetuosity threw her arms about her neck.

'You saying that to me, you dear thing ! You, of all girls in the world. O, Margaret —then there must be something in it.'

'Something in what ?' asked Margaret.

'Why, in this that's taking you all so hard lately. Your religion, you know. I always thought that it was a nice, namby-pamby way of girls letting on they're unnaturally good and sweet, and all that—trying to be interesting, you know. But—'

'Dorothy,' said Margaret, breaking in, 'try it a little for yourself, dear.'

'I'm not one of that kind,' said Dorothy, soberly. 'I don't take to those things. But, Margaret, if I ever do, it will be because of you.'

Avie's Verse.

Avie was a winsome, sunny-tempered little maid of four. Hers was a Christian home where the bible was reverenced, and at the age of three years she joined the infant class in Sunday-school, under a wise teacher who believed that there is nothing like God's words to make the little ones wise unto salvation. To each child the teacher gave a slip of paper containing a verse from the bible to be committed to memory and recited the next Sunday. Simple texts like, 'The Lord is my shepherd,' or 'Suffer little children,' or 'God is love' naturally came first, but after some months the teacher thought it time that her pupils began to look into their own hearts a little. Avie's next verse, therefore, was 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

At home she asked her usual volley of questions, 'What does merciful mean ?' 'How can God be merciful to sinners ?' then, catching sight of the pronoun, she exclaimed, 'Who does it mean ?'

'Whom does it say ?' asked her mother.

'It says me, and I'm not a sinner,' she replied indignantly, much to her mother's surprise.

'What is a sinner ?' asked her mother.

'Folks that do wicked things,' Avie answered.

'Don't you do wrong sometimes, Avie, and isn't it always wicked to do wrong ?' questioned the mother, gently.

'I don't swear and steal and kill folks,' the little girl answered, vehemently, for her usually gentle spirit was greatly disturbed by this first conflict with our schoolmaster, the law.

'No, dear,' was the reply, 'you wouldn't know what to say if you wanted to swear, and your wants are supplied so you are not tempted to steal and you are not large enough or strong enough to kill anybody if you hated them ever so much, but you pull out mother's knitting needles when you have been told not to, and do other naughty things, and God has said, "Whosoever offends in one point is guilty of all." '

'Well,' said Avie, with a lofty toss of her head, 'I don't think that is fair.'

The mother lifted her heart to God for wisdom to answer the dear little Pharisee at her knee. Among Avie's cherished possessions was a small glass goblet and the mother chose this as a simple illustration of what she wished to teach the child.

'See here, dear,' she said, 'suppose brother should take your goblet out to the faucet to drink from and should break a piece out of the bottom. You come to me and say, "He has broken my goblet." "No," he says, "she ought not to say I have broken the goblet, I have only broken a little bit from the bottom. It will stand quite as well and it will hold just as much water and the edge is as smooth to drink from as ever." But you would reply. "The bottom is a part of the whole and he has broken my goblet." Your goblet is made of different parts. There is the bottom, the standard, the stem, the bowl, and the edge, and all the parts make one goblet, so God's law is made up of different commandments. There are commandments about swearing, stealing, killing, and also about disobeying parents and other wrong things. All these commands make one law and whoever breaks one of these commandments breaks God's law. Sinners are those who break the law of God.'

Avie made no reply. She could not dispute her mother's argument, but she did not want to think she was a sinner. She had never thought much about it, but supposed she was quite a good little girl. She often saw others who acted much worse. But her awakened conscience, unsullied by sophistry, would not let her believe she had never done wrong. She stood in thoughtful silence and then quietly went and looked at her little goblet. No, it was not broken. It stood there, fair and whole. But, O ! that dreadful law of God; it must have been broken when she pulled out those knitting needles. She remembered thinking she ought not to pull them out, but she did love to see the stitches drop off one by one. Very quiet was the little one the rest of the day, and the children privately asked mother if she thought Avie felt quite well. When Avie's mother was ready to prepare her for bed the little one came to her side and said in a quiet, controlled voice, 'I can say my verse, mother. "God be merciful to me a sinner," ' and broke into a fit of low grieved sobbing. Quickly she was gathered into loving arms and told of the forgiving love of the dear Saviour who died for us 'while we were yet sinners.' Before the sweet, blue eyes closed in sleep the sense of forgiven sin transformed the hitherto sorrowful little face and filled it with peace.

Not until Avie was eleven years old did she recognize the fact that she had yielded her heart to the Saviour and asked that she might join his people around the communion table, but those in her home saw from that time onward daily evidences of her discipleship and growth in grace. She is now a woman and the little ones of the Junior C. E. Society gather around her while she tells them of the Saviour and his tender love for the repenting sinner.—'Congregationalist.'

The Letter She Did Not Write.

It was never set down in black and white,
The loving letter she did not write.
She thought it, out as she baked the bread,
As she mended the stockings and made the bed ;
She wove its beautiful sentences through
The morning's work that was hers to do ;
But it never was written with ink and pen,
For the boys came home from school and then
She hadn't a chance in black on white
To scribble the letter she did not write.

It never was dropped in the corner box
Which the faithful postman's key unlocks ;
It never was even begun, you see,
Though it throbbed with a true heart's constancy ;
The far-away mother, the friend beloved,
The kinsman dear, whom it must have moved,
Were touching her hand with tender clasp,
Were holding her heart in insistent grasp,
But it never was sent on its blessed flight,
The dream of a letter she did not write.

She gave up trying the thing at last,
When the busy day was almost past,
Filled with the measure from sun to sun
Of the woman's work which is never done;
The duties sacred which yet seem slight,
The little wrongs which must be set right.
She had found her paper and taken her seat,
When the baby wakened ; 'Hush, my sweet!'
And Freddie brought her a puzzling sum,
And Teddy deafened her with his drum ;
No wonder it faded quite out of sight,
The dear home letter she meant to write.

But yet, ah, yet ! were the waves of air
Not stirred by her tender, wordless prayer
And did not her loving heart, full fain,
Send out its cry to her own, and pain
Of longing bring in a subtle way
A pleasure deep in the waning day,
When somehow she felt that an answer bright
Had come to the letter she could not write ?
—Margaret E. Sangster, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.'

A gentleman living in the State of New York said, not long since, that one day when he was a boy he became angered at a command of his father, and as an act of revenge took an axe and hacked a big gash in a beautiful maple tree that stood in the yard. The bark soon grew over the wound, and nothing more was thought of it until many years later the tree fell before a wind-storm. The gentleman went to the tree, and found that the hack he had made had gone to the heart of the tree, and the whole heart had become rotten. So likewise is he that harbors in his heart some secret sin. In the course of time he may rest assured 'his sin will find him out.' In the course of time his heart will become polluted, and he will fall. —C. W. Bibb.

Through the Wood.

'Which way are you going, Mollie ?' asked her mother, detaining her by a soft touch on her arm as she was about to start with her laden basket.

'Why, through the wood, mother—the shortest way to old Amy's.'

'But, Mollie, my dear, it will be dusk before you return. Just go round by the road. The wood is hardly suitable for you alone.'

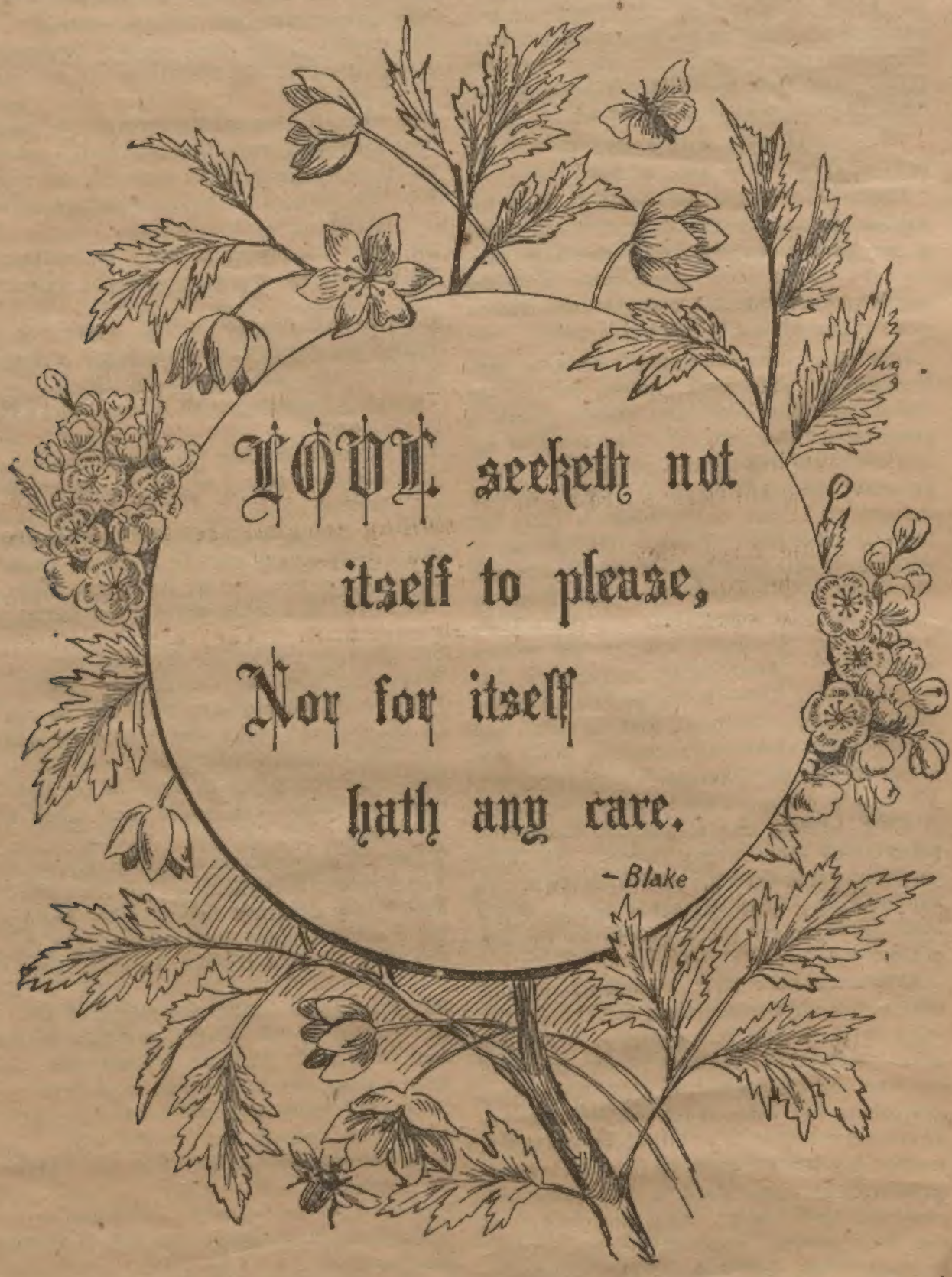
'I always go that way, and never have got any harm yet !' said Mollie, frowning a little. 'I wish you were not so fidgetty, mother ! I can't wait now, or it will be too late !'

She did not give a thought to the fact that she left her invalid mother downhearted and anxious !

'I must be going now,' she said to old Amy, after she had presented the treasures of her basket, and had watched the red sun sinking behind the wood from the cottage door. 'I hardly ought to have stayed so long.'

'Dearie, Miss,' said the old woman, gratefully. 'I thank the Lord for what he has sent to-day, and for all his mercies. I wish you could share some of his blessings and go home with something to feed on of his priceless gifts !'

'Do you think I look hungry ?' said Mollie, seriously.



'Dearie, Miss, if we go with the Lord's messages, along the Lord's path, we get the Lord's pay! I pray him to give you that to-day. He gives "life abundantly."'

Mollie kissed the aged face and ran off, striking again into the wood as before, conscious of a second twinge of conscience in doing so.

She still had a vexed feeling that mother was always wanting her to do what she did not like, and she felt in her heart that she was dissatisfied. Had old Amy guessed it with that 'spirit-level' of hers ?

'Why am I so self-willed ?' she murmured. 'How can I get the Lord's pay of peace if I am not walking in the Lord's path ? How could old Amy know ? I suppose if mother wanted me to take the road, the wood was not the Lord's path !'

With a sudden determination of obedience, she dashed back to the stile, and ran swiftly homewards along the dusty high road.

And as she did so the hungry, dissatisfied feeling seemed to melt away, and she arrived home with peace in her heart and on her face.

'I came back the way you wanted, mummie, dear !' she said.—'Our Darlings.'

Whom to Obey.

'Tell me the best thing to do,' said mamma, 'when you are asked to run an errand, or do a kindness ?'

'Why, just obey,' laughed Bessie.

'When you are told to do your duty faithfully,' said mamma, 'what then ?'

'Just obey,' said Bessie, smiling.

'Yes,' returned mamma, 'but whom should we obey ?'

'Papa and mamma, our teachers'—

'And all those who have command over us,' added mamma.

'But God most of all,' said Bessie.

'Yes,' said mamma, 'God most of all.'—'Sunbeam.'

Alfred Maynard and the Candle.

'What are you doing with the candle, Alfred?' asked Mrs. Maynard of her little son.

'Performing an experiment, mother.'

'Well, be careful you don't burn your fingers or set your coat alight.'

'Very well, mother, I will be very careful. I wish you would look at my wonderful experiment. You see, mother dear, I blow out the candle, and now I can light it without putting a light to the wick of the candle. You see, I put the lighted taper in the smoke coming from the candle, and then immediately something in the smoke take fire, and carries the light to the wick of the candle.'

'I wonder what it is,' said Mrs. Maynard; for though she knew all about it, she liked to encourage her son to talk.

'You see, mother, out of the candle is coming a gas called hydrogen

—this gas will burn—so when I place the lighted taper in the smoke the hydrogen catches alight, and carries the light to the wick of the candle.'

'That is very clever,' said Mrs. Maynard. 'Why, I declare, Alfred, you are getting quite a chemist.'

'And I can do something more, mother. You see, I hold this dry tumbler over the flame of the candle; in a second you see the inside of the tumbler is dull. There is water in the tumbler now; in fact, I have got water out of a candle.'

'That is very wonderful, Alfred; I should have thought that the water coming out of the candle would have put out the light, but I suppose you can make it quite plain.'

'Certainly, mother; the hydrogen coming out of the candle unites with the oxygen in the air, and the two gases uniting form water.'

Mrs. Maynard was very pleased that Alfred had been paying attention to the lessons taught him at school, for she knew that no information is so simple as that which has to do with the common things around us. She turned to her dear son and said:

'You have tried to teach me something from a candle. I will now try to teach you something.'

The good mother now blew out the candle, and directed Alfred's attention to the fact that the candle was composed of two substances, the wick in the centre, and the tallow arranged around it.

'You see, my son,' she said, 'if I take a piece of the tallow and hold it in the flame, it will not burn by itself; if I do the same with the wick, we can get no light from the wick. I must have wick and tallow before I can get a light. What does this teach us? That we are dependent on each other, and therefore we must try to help each other.'

'Yes, mother, I understand; every one must do their part in this world,' said Alfred.

'Now, you see, Alfred, I cut a little off the end of this candle, and now I light both ends; how quickly the candle burns away, and you say what a waste! This candle burning at both ends is like those persons who are very fond of pleasure, especially the pleasure they obtain from the drinking of intoxicating drinks; they seem to be happy, but in a short time they use up their lives.'

'Thank you, mother,' said Alfred. 'I will try to be a candle giving out light, if only a very little. I will keep my temperance pledge, and try not to waste my life.'—'Adviser.'

Pity and Pray.

No house, no home,
  Scarce a boot or shoe;
What will these poor
  Little children do?

Nothing to eat,
  And but rags to wear;
No mother's love,
  And no father's care.

The pouring rain,
  And the pelting sleet,
Upon these poor
  Little children beat,

With shaking limbs
  They patter along,
With never a word,
  Nor a gladsome song,

Wearied they rest
  In the snow so cold;
Or 'neath a hedge
  Where the winds are bold.

No home have they
  But the roofless street;
No fire to warm
  Their shivering feet.

My children dear
  With nice books and toys,
Your happy homes,
  And your many joys
Pity and pray
  For these girls and boys.
—'Little Folks.'

Grandpa's Policeman.

(By Julia D. Cowles.)

Willie had been spending his vacation at grandpa's on the farm and he found a great many things there which surprised as well as interested him.

One day he was walking in the woods or 'timber' as grandpa called it, and away up in the branches of a tree he espied a large white bird. He knew at once from its size and the shape of its head that it was an owl, and he sped away to the house as fast as his feet could carry him.

'Grandpa,' he shouted as soon as he reached the door, 'there's a big white owl up in the timber. Can't I see if I can shoot him? I want him so much for a specimen.'

Grandpa looked up slowly at the excited boy and then he answered deliberately, 'Shoot him! no indeed! He's my policeman.' Then seeing Willie's look of astonishment, he went on. 'Yes, there's a band of robbers on this farm and that owl will arrest most of them before the summer is over if we let him alone.'

Willie looked even more astonished at this information and his resolve to go straight back to the woods suddenly forsook him and he dropped into a chair instead.

'Why, grandpa,' was all he could say.

Grandpa smiled a little as he asked, 'Would you like to know more about them?'

'Yes, indeed,' answered Willie.

'Well,' said grandpa, 'this band of robbers likes to gnaw the bark off the young trees in the orchard, and that you know kills the trees. Then, they eat the seeds that are planted in the ground; they nibble the young vegetables and even gnaw off the grass at its roots. Now can you guess who these robbers are?'

'No,' said Willie, slowly, and beginning to look relieved. 'Are they squirrels?'

'No,' said grandpa, 'they are smaller still. They are field mice. You would not think that such little creatures could do much harm, but if our policemen, the white owls, hawks, and weasels, which catch the mice, were killed, their number would increase so rapidly that all the crops would suffer.'

'And there wouldn't be any apples, or corn, or—oh, dear!' said Willie, 'I'm glad you didn't let me kill that owl.'—'Standard.'

Don't Give Up.

If you have tried and have not won,
  Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
  Just by patient trying.

Though young birds in flying, fall,
  Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
  Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
  Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again and grown
  Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
  Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
  That's the test that tries you!
—Phoebe Cary.

Temperance Cathechism.

ROOT BEER.

1. Q.—What is root beer ?

A.—A kind of beer made from the juice of roots and herbs, sugar and yeast.

2. Q.—Why are the juices of roots and herbs used ?

A.—Just to give the beer their taste.

3. Q.—What is the use of the sugar ?

A.—The sugar makes the alcohol.

4. Q.—How is alcohol made from sugar ?

A.—The yeast breaks up the sugar and changes it into alcohol and a gas.

5. Q.—How does the gas show ?

A.—It makes the bubbles in the foam.

6. Q.—How much alcohol is there in root beer ?

A.—At first there is very little, but in a few days there may be as much as there is in lager, or more.

7. Q.—Suppose the drinker does not take enough to make him drunk ?

A.—It poisons his nerves and makes him wish for more.

8. Q.—Does root beer do this ?

A.—It often gives the alcoholic thirst to children.

—Catechism by Julia Colman, (National Temperance Society.)

Look Before You Drink.

(By S. Jennie Smith.)

'Just look there, papa,' said Roy, entering the sitting-room with a glass of water in his hand, 'see the nasty bug that came through the hydrant, and I was just going to take a drink, too.'

Mr. Hicks was engaged in conversation with three friends, but he stopped long enough to examine the specimen that had been brought to him, and to say warningly to the boy, 'Yes, there are very apt to be insects in the water, my son, and you must always examine it before you drink. Above all, never drink in the dark.'

'I never do,' Roy said, with a wise air, and then he went from the room, leaving his father and his three friends to enjoy one another's society undisturbed.

'Some persons are so very careless about drinking water,' Mr. Hicks then said, turning to the others; 'why, it is dangerous at any time to drink in the dark, or to take any water without first examining it, for there is no knowing what it may contain. I always tell my children to look before they drink.'

While he was talking he had brought from the closet a dark-looking bottle and four glasses. The latter he proceeded to fill with liquid from the bottle, but when he reached the fourth glass, one of his friends, a man with a very firm look about the mouth, put out a detaining hand, and said, 'None for me, thank you.'

'None for you ? Why, how is that, Lawrence ?'

'Because I think as you do that we should be sure of what is in any glass before we drink,' the man replied, quietly.

'Of course, and we do know. Look what it says on the bottle. It is the best, too,' and the speaker raised his own glass as if about to put it to his lips.

'Are you sure of what is in yours ?'

Mr. Hicks held the glass toward the light and then replied, jestingly, 'I see nothing but a bright, clear liquid.'

The other two men, their glasses still on the table, were listening in silence to their host and Mr. Lawrence.

'You have not looked closely enough,' was the rejoinder, 'for even at this distance I can see something more dangerous than the insect in little Roy's glass. I can see a serpent that has the power to bind you hand and foot until you become his slave.'

The man spoke earnestly, and his friends remaining silent, he continued, 'I see a serpent that has the power to ruin your business, beggar your wife and children, and drag you down to perdition.'

'Oh, pshaw !' Mr. Hicks at last found voice to say, 'it hasn't done that to any of us yet, and we've been drinking fully ten years.'

'I suppose none of you have forgotten Hal Reynolds, your old friend and companion,' Mr. Lawrence went on in his calm, even tone; 'you will remember that he talked as you do now. You know how he went on from bad to worse, but you probably do not know that while off on a drunken spree last week he fell into a pond and was drowned. I did not hear it until this evening. Now, what the serpent in the glass did for him it has the power to do for many another.'

His auditors shuddered at the thought of the fate of their old friend, and for a while the conversation turned on Hal Reynolds, his wrecked life, and awful death.

'It's too bad about Hal,' Mr. Hicks finally remarked; 'but, pshaw ! what has that to do with us ? None of us have succumbed yet.'

'I will answer that argument by asking a simple question,' was the reply. 'You must forgive me if I become personal, but I am deeply in earnest in this matter. You know we all attended Raynor's party last week. Can all of you say that you had complete control of yourselves when you went home that night, or had the demon in the glass begun his work of destruction ? Are you always on such occasions your own masters, or have you begun to give in just a little—'

'Say no more,' begged one of the men, 'I am thoroughly ashamed of that night at Raynor's; in fact, I have felt for a long time that I was letting the enemy get the upper hand, but I never before had the courage to say so. Hereafter I, for one, shall make sure of what the glass contains before I raise it to my lips. Like little Roy, I shall look before I drink. We have all been taking it in the dark too long.'

The others made no further remarks on the subject, but when the three friends took their departure a few moments later the glasses still remained untasted.—'American Messenger.'

Not a Private Matter.

Extensive tracts of our best land—land on which millions of now poverty-stricken families might subsist—are given to the cultivation of tobacco, grapes, barley, hops, rye, and potatoes, for use in the preparation of intoxicating liquors—wine, beer, and vodka. Millions of men who might be employed in manufacturing articles useful to mankind are occupied in making wine and spirits.

'The most horrible result is the darkening of the mind and conscience. The use of wine renders men coarse, dull, and spiteful.' What, then, are the uses of consuming intoxicating liquors ? None.

The defenders of wine, vodka, and beer, used formerly to assert that these drinks promote health and strength, that they warm and cheer. But this is now indisputably shown to be untrue. Intoxicants do not increase health, because they contain a strong poison—alcohol and the use of poison cannot be beneficial.

But one cannot say in these days that drinking wine or abstaining from it is a private matter; that we do not think a moderate use of wine hurtful; that we wish neither to teach nor to be taught; nor that the custom did not begin with us, and will not end with us. This cannot be said now. The use of wine or abstinence from it is no longer a private, but a social matter.

'When you were ignorant you committed no sin,' said Christ. But now we know what we are doing, and whom we serve by drinking wine and offering it to others, and therefore, if we, knownig the sin of using it, continue to drink and to offer it, there is no justification for us.

Drunkards become drunkards only because sober men, by doing themselves no harm, have taught them to drink, have tempted them by their example. Drunkards would never be drunkards if they did not see respectable, honoured people drink wine and offer it to others. A young man, who has never drunk wine, learns its tastes and effects at a wedding feast at the house of one of those respectable temperate men, who drink and offer wine on special occasions.

Therefore, whoever drinks wine, however moderately, and whoever offers it to others however suitable may be the occasion, is committing a great sin. He tempts those whom we are told not to tempt; about whom it is said, 'Woe to him who shall tempt one of these little ones.'—From the latest article of Count Tolstoi in 'New Age.'

A Little True.

I came across this verse in an old scrap book the other day:

'Whatso'er you find to do,
Do it all, with all your might;
Never be a "little" true,
Or a "little" in the right.'

Now that's a good verse for you young people to 'write on the tablets of your hearts.' Indeed, it is a good verse for young and old alike to keep in mind, because it is not at all unusual for men and women to be only 'a little true' and 'a little in the right.'

The other day I attended a dinner party at which there were wines served. Directly opposite me sat a man who declares himself to be a temperance man, and I know that he has at different times manifested an interest in temperance work. Of course I expected to see him turn down his glass at the table as an indication that he was a temperance man, but he did not do it. He allowed his glass to be filled, and sipped lightly of it. Now that man was only 'a little true,' if he was true at all.

I once heard two boys speaking of a third boy whose reputation was not very good. One of the boys, seeking to defend the boy under discussion, said:

'Oh! Harry isn't half-bad. He has some real good traits, and I think that he is a pretty good fellow.'

How many of these 'not half-bad' boys there are. And many of them are 'pretty good fellows.' They are kind, generous and obliging, and yet there must be a good deal lacking if they are even 'one-third bad.' They must often be 'only a little true,' and 'only a little in the right.'—'Forward.'

The terrible thing is that a man often enters the public-house respected and respectable, and leaves it a criminal.—Baron Keating.

SABBATH SCHOOL

LESSON VIII.—May 23.

The Conference at Jerusalem

Acts xv., 1-6, 22-29. Read chapter xv., 1-35, and Galatians ii., 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as they.'—Acts xv., 11.

Home Readings.

M. Acts xv., 1-21.—The Conference at Jerusalem.
T Acts xv., 22-35.—The Decision of the Conference.
W. Gal. ii., 1-10.—Paul's Words about the Conference.
Th. Gal v., 1-26.—Neither Circumcision nor Uncircumcision ; but Faith.
F. Gal. vi., 1-18.—The New Birth Alone Avails.
S. Col. ii., 1-23.—'The Circumcision Made Without Hands.'
S. 1 Cor. viii., 8: 1-13.—'Touching Things Offered unto Idols.'

Lesson Story.

Paul and Barnabas had returned to Antioch and were again teaching and preaching in the Church there, when there suddenly arrived from Judea certain men who taught the Gentiles that they must be circumcised as the Jews were if they wished to be saved. This caused consternation to those who had accepted faith in Christ as the only way of salvation. But Paul and Barnabas withstood those new teachers, disputing their doctrines. Finally these two missionary apostles with a number of the members of the Antioch Church, went up to Jerusalem to consult with the church there about these questions. On their way through Phenice and Samaria they gladdened the hearts of their brethren in Christ, by telling of the conversions among the Gentiles. This also they related to the Church at Jerusalem, who received them with joy.

When they stated the errand on which they had come, some of the strict Pharisees rose and held to the point that all believers should be circumcised. But after a long discussion, Peter stood up and told how God had sent him to preach to the Gentiles and how they had been converted, and God had given them the Holy Ghost, making no difference between the Jews and Gentiles.

Then Paul and Barnabas were eagerly listened to as they related the encouraging events and wonders of their first missionary journey. When they were finished speaking James rose to give his opinion. Referring to Peter's speech and quoting on the same point from the prophets he proposed that they write to the Gentile Christians and advise them to abstain from any real pollution, but laying on them no greater burden than they could bear. Then the council wrote letters to the Church at Antioch containing these instructions, and sent them by Paul and Barnabas, Judas, surnamed Barsabas, and Silas. These two latter were also prophets so they exhorted and confirmed the brethren at Antioch.

Lesson Hymn.

To God be the glory !
Great things He hath done ;
So loved He the world
That He gave us His Son ;
Who yielded His life
An atonement for sin,
And opened the Life gate
That all may go in.

Oh, perfect redemption,
The purchase of blood,
To every believer
The promise of God ;
The vilest offender
Who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus
A pardon receives !

Lesson Hints.

'Certain men'—Probably sent from the Church at Jerusalem to see how the Church at Antioch was prospering, but not with authority to teach their doctrines of circumcision, ver. 24). 'Except ye be circumcised'—Our Lord did not mention the Jewish rites, his saying was, 'Except ye be converted . . . . ye shall not enter into the Kingdom.' But these men having been brought up under the strict law could not understand how any one could be saved without observing the ceremonial law. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews explains how the old law being only a shadow or type of the things to come made nothing perfect, but the new covenant or testament was made by Jesus Christ whereby all men may be saved through faith in the Son of God.

'Through Phenice and Samaria'—They had to travel about three hundred miles, telling the good news to the Christians on the way. 'Judas and Silas'—They thought it wise to send men from their own number to ratify the words of the Apostles. 'It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us'—They dare not go by their own feelings and prejudices but trusted to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, thereby receiving the mind of Christ, (1 Cor. ii., 16).

'Abstain . . . from things strangled'—Because meat prepared in this way still retained the blood, which it was unlawful for a Jew to touch, and as Christian Jews and Gentiles might eat together, it would be well for them to have the same rules in regard to eating. (I Cor. x., 27-32.)

Search Questions.

What do you know about Silas ? What was his other name ?

Primary Lesson.

You know that there are two parts to our bible, called the Old Testament and the New Testament, but perhaps you do not know just why they are called by those names. A testament is a covenant or an agreement between two parties, the promises of one are conditioned upon the actions of the other.

God has made two great covenants with man, the first was with Abraham, to whom God promised that if he would trust him and be sincere with him God would make of him a great nation and from his decendants should come the King of Kings and Ruler of all the world.

God did make a great people of Abraham's descendants, they were called Israelites or Jews, God's chosen people to whom he gave a great many laws and rules of living. That was his first covenant with men, that they should obey him and that he would bless them in every way as long as they were obedient. But this covenant did not last forever, for God saw that his people served him more from fear than love and that they kept the letter of the law but not the spirit of it—that is, they were careful to do exactly what the law said, but not all that it meant. It is as though your mother should tell you to 'run away for a little while,' and you should run away and come right back, you know that was not what mother meant you to do.

So God made a new covenant or testament. Under the old covenant the people had to offer sacrifices of animals to God to atone for their sins, for 'without the shedding of blood there is no remission,' (forgiveness of sin.) Under the new covenant, God gave his only Son, the Lamb of God, to take away the sin of the world. He bore away the sins of the whole world, so that all who believe on him and love him are saved from their sins once for all. In the Old Testament, God ordained priests to stand between him and the people, in the New Testament he ordained Jesus as our Priest and we must come unto God by him, but no man may come between us and Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Suggested Hymns.

'Not all the blood of beasts,' 'Stand up, stand up for Jesus,' 'When I survey the wondrous Cross,' 'Jesus paid it all,' 'Out of my bondage,' 'His love is more than tongue can tell.'

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

Schism in the church is more detrimental than persecution from without. (ver. 1.)

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety. Note also how Paul and Barnabas improved the time while passing through Phoenicia and Samaria. (verses 2 and 3.)

Some of the rags of Judaism still cling to the disciples. Paul would cast them all off that he might not be entangled with any yoke of bondage. (verses 4-6.)

The Lord's commissioners should be wise, loving and valiant. Such were those sent out by the council. (verses 22-27.)

The apostles were wise in choosing counsel from the Holy Spirit. 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.' (verse 28.)

The abstinence recommended by the council was not so much for the good of the abstainer, as for the promotion of growth and peace in the church. (ver. 29.)

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

May 16.—Some things worth living for.—1 John ii., 12-17.

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

May 16.—Christ's sayings that begin with 'Verily'—what have you learned from them ?—John x., 1-7.

A Tamil Sunday School in Penang.

It was begun one Sunday afternoon by several of us standing at a street corner and singing hymns and lyrics. A large crowd of children soon gathered to see and to hear. The next move was to show them a story-book illustrated with colored pictures. We then explained the meaning of the pictures to them, and sang a few more hymns. That finished the work for that day. We tried during the week to secure a room in the vicinity, but as the people were all Mohammedans we failed. The next Sunday we again stood on the side of the street, this time we gave the children some little picture cards. These they were eager to get, and asked many questions about them. While standing with our backs to the wall of a building some one dropped a rotten melon down from the roof on to our heads. This caused a scattering, but we kept our places, evidently to the surprise of the crowd which had gathered. We went right on with our meeting, and closed with more singing.

During the week following a man came and offered us the use of his veranda in which to hold our Sunday-school. We gratefully accepted his offer, and the next Sunday we called the children together there. Some men gathered and began mocking our singing and afterwards made a fearful noise on tom-toms, but we did not let them see that we were annoyed at all, but went right on as if all were serene. They ceased to worry us after this attempt. We had great difficulty in getting the children to sit for any length of time, but after several Sundays they got used to it, and behaved very nicely. We have now secured a room in which to meet, and now, after about a year we feel that our school, begun under such discouraging conditions is fairly established. The children have learned many of the songs, and are able to answer questions about their lessons quite well.

The success of this venture shows how any one who loves the Lord can do something for him in Sunday-school work. The common excuse here is: 'Oh, I can't do anything, for I don't know the language.' The school I have just described was begun and carried on by one who knew nothing of Tamil. He got several Tamil brethren to go with him, and directed them what to do, and saw that they did it. They were afraid to go by themselves, and even if they had gone alone they would perhaps have failed, but the presence of the other was a stimulus as well as protection to them, and they did nobly. There are many roadsides and street corners where a Sunday-school might be successfully maintained if only some fearful one would take courage and go out to do and dare in His name.—B. F. West, in 'India S.S. 'Journal.'

Too many people are singing, 'Scatter sunshine,' and waiting for somebody else to do it.

HOUSEHOLD.

Money-Making for Country Boys.

(By James Buckham.)

Most country boys have an idea that in order to make money for themselves they must get to the city, or at least to some large town, where there is more or less commercial activity. But, as a matter of fact, the city boy cannot command one-half the money-making opportunity of the country boy. Cities and large towns are very poor markets for anything but skilled labor, as everybody knows who has ever tried to find lucrative employment of a general character in them. Even if a boy has had some special industrial or mechanical training, so that he is entitled to be called an expert in his specialty, not one employer in a hundred will engage him, on account of his youth, as anything but an apprentice at a very low wage. The city is a poor place for a boy who has to make his own living; and it is an equally poor place for a boy who though not obliged to make his living, desires to use his spare time in earning a little money which he can call his own.

To boys of the latter class the country, however, offers unbounded resources; and it is a constant surprise and perplexity to me that lads with all these money-making opportunities at hand so seldom take advantage of them in any way. The country boy, as a rule, is always waiting and wishing for a chance to earn a penny, but he looks so far away for his chance that he walks right over a dozen without seeing them at all.

Let me give an instance in point. On one of my vacations I fell in with a country boy who was always, as his people said, 'fooling with tools.' He really had become quite expert at all kinds of small carpentering and tinkering, but no one supposed that it amounted to anything, practically—not even the boy himself. One day I heard this boy complaining that he never had a cent of his own, and didn't see as he ever should have one so long as he had to remain on a farm. This set me to thinking. I put myself in the boy's place and asked myself what I should do in like circumstances, and the result was that I hit on a plan by which that boy made twenty-five dollars before the close of the summer. It was this: I persuaded him to become the neighborhood tinker. Old Mrs. R., I remember, had said to me once that she did wish she could avoid the expense of having to send to the city for a carpenter, a glazier, a paper-hanger or a plumber every time she needed a 'little fixin' done.' Yet there really seemed to be no person in the vicinity who knew enough about tools to mend a broken window sash or fix a pump that wouldn't draw. Here was my boy's grand opportunity—but he never saw it or supposed such a chance for making money was lying about, until I had the good luck to discover it and point it out to him. The last I heard from him he was in demand for miles around among the farmers and their wives, and was making so much money out of his 'tinkering' that he hopes to lay by enough to take him to college by and by.

This is only one instance, but it is a pretty good one to show what I mean by the large, free resources and opportunities of the country as compared with the city. The country is comparatively free from that curse of the city—intense and ruinous competition. If a boy is 'handy' in any way there are a hundred chances more for making money out of his talent in the country than in the city. His dexterity is in demand; he finds a ready market for his skill; whereas in the city there would be thousands who could do the same things bettter than he, and therefore would get all the patronage.

But suppose the boy has no special gift or knack, what chance is there for him in the country then? A far better chance, I claim, than the city boy has or can have. Any country boy who really wants to earn money can do it, only, of course, he must put energy and perseverance into his enterprise, whatever it is. The city boy may do all this, yet get no reward, because his chance of demand is so much more slender. But I never knew a country boy to expend honest effort without due reward.

Suppose the country boy wishes to make money by selling something. Let us see what he has at his command. In the first place he has all the resources of the soil. No farmer is so land-poor, or, I trust, so stingy, that he will not allow his boy a piece of ground to cultivate, if the boy asks for it. Garden produce is always in demand and always brings good prices, and in these days of quick and cheap transportation no country boy is too far away from a commission merchant to make 'truck farming' profitable.

Then there is stock-raising on a small scale. The cosset lamb or calf, which the patient farmer's boy brings up by hand, almost always turns out to be an animal of superior condition that brings a good, round price in market. Poultry always yields a large profit, also, and requires a small investment.

The innumerable wild products of the country—the berries and fruits, the fish and game, the roots and herbs used in making medicine—all these have a market value and afford a ready means of revenue to the active and determined country boy. There are very few localities where the country storekeeper will not be glad to take all these products at a fair price and sell them again to the city merchant. But if the boy is a real financier he will ship his own goods to the city and keep the middleman's profit.

A boy that I know of has a private trout pond on his father's land. He made the pond by damming up a trout brook, where it crossed a little basin in the woods. The State Hatchery gives him 10,000 trout eggs a year, and by artificially hatching these he keeps his pond well stocked and sells about four hundred dollars' worth annually.

No country boy need complain that his resources for making money are not ample. Indeed, they are so abundant that if he sees them at all it must be a perplexity to him to know which to choose. Unceasing demand, unfailing resource—what two conditions could be more favorable to money-making than these? Yet if any producer or any laborer in the world enjoys these ideal economic conditions to the full, it is the average country boy.—'Congregationalist.'

The Food That Man Needs.

'As in the daily wear and tear of life a great deal of the substance of a man's body is used up, it is absolutely necessary that the repair of the body be carefully and systematically looked after,' writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer in the April 'Ladies Home Journel. Then, too, man must create heat and force according to the climate in which he lives and the occupation he follows. A wise combination of food is, therefore, necessary to keep the body in working order. In cold weather we need a larger amount of carbonaceous foods—fats, sugars and starches—than we do in summer. In the hot climates and during the hot months fruit and green vegetables, containing the salts necessary to keep the blood in good condition, should be used freely. According to our method of living in this country we should take about two parts of repair food, such as meat, eggs, milk, cheese, or, in the vegetable kingdom, the old peas, beans, and lentils, to three parts of carbonaceous food, such as white bread, potatoes, rice, butter, cream and fats of all kinds. Then we must have a certain amount of bulky or watery vegetables, such as lettuce, spinach, cabbage, onions, and also the fruits. In making out a daily ration we should have at the beginning of the meal some light dish that may be taken slowly, to prepare the stomach for the food that is to follow, then a meat, or its equivalent. With beef, we should serve potatoes; with mutton, rice. With chickens, either rice or potatoes.'

Eat Cheese Daily.

A well-known medical authority says in a recent work, that cheese should be eaten at least once a day. 'It is the most valuable animal food obtainable,' he says, 'from two to three times as nutritious as the same money value of ordinary meat.'

Plan Carefully.

In building a house it is well, after planning the size as large as the means at disposal will allow, to consider the advisability of making some of the rooms a trifle smaller by cutting off a few inches here and there to enlarge a pantry or closet. One should always plan to save steps in the arrangement of table, dish pantry and sink, with reference to the dining-room. The travelling over of ten feet extra each time in carrying dishes and food, aggregates perhaps twenty-eight miles of extra walking during the year, much of which might be saved by slight changes in the house planning.

Pretty Furnishings.

Beautiful accessories enliven the spirits. It is well known that a stimulus to work is cheerfulness.

'A merry heart goes all day long,
A sad heart tires in a mile.'

Fretty and artistic furnishings do not necessarily represent a large expense. Paint a few rolls of well-chosen wall paper and judicious taste in the selection of the really artistic, low-priced materials that can be bought in almost any dry goods shop, will transform the most unpromising interiors so as to satisfy even the eyes of a connoisseur.

Children's surroundings have a great deal to do with the forming of their characters. The refining influence of a pretty home, where all the work is done quietly and systematically is not lost upon them. The daughters of such a home are apt to grow up to be dainty and dignified, and it is not likely that the boys of such a household 'can be found anywhere but at home.'—N. Y. 'Observer.'

Selected Recipes.

Apple Snowball.—Take one cupful of boiled rice and spread on small cloths wrung out of hot water. Put one apple pared and cored in each one. Tie the cloth together and steam.

Orange Roly-Poly.—Make a light dough, the same as for apple dumplings, roll it out into a narrow, long sheet, about a quarter of an inch thick. Spread thickly over it peeled and sliced oranges, sprinkle with white sugar, scattered over all a large teaspoonful of grated orange peel, then roll it up, fold the edges well to keep the juices from running out, place in steamer and steam hard for an hour and three-quarters. Serve with lemon sauce.

Many housekeepers decline to have cabbage cooked in their kitchens because of the disagreeable odor with which the vegetable fills the house. If the servant would but obey the following directions this objection would be reduced to a minimum. In the first place, the saucepan should be the largest the 'menage' affords, and must contain enough water to entirely cover the cabbage. This saucepan must be placed on the hottest part of the range and the water be at a galloping boil before the cabbage is put in, and must be kept at a boil until the vegetable is done. Last of all, the lid must not be put on the saucepan during the whole process of cooking.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

Sir,—They seem to be highly pleased with the 'Messenger' in our school, and the papers arrive in fine time.

JAMES C. WOOD.

Langbank, Ont., April 21, 1897.

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